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Echo of the Howels

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Echo of the Howls

By: DAKOTA OWENS

Howls echo through the dense forest
Calling the pack to converge as one
To team up and prepare for the hunt
The storm lurks in
Like a pack of wolves stalking their prey
While the sun sets
The clouds roll on
Gusts of wind weave in and out between the coniferous trees
Wobbling the branches like a newborn fawn trying to stand on its own four feet
As the thunder starts to crack
The fireball of light disappears behind the snow-capped mountains
No moon, no stars, absolute darkness
The lightning flashes with intense bolts of voltaic energy
Like a flare being shot to the heavens
It lights up the dark forest, just for a moment
Long enough that the last thing the fresh fawn sees
Are the canine jaws of the snarling beasts

Dakota Owens is a senior in animal ecology with minors in philosophy and English. He loves reading, writing, spending time in nature, and working with animals. He also enjoys doing extracurricular activities with his friends to take breaks from all of the expectations set forth by the "American Dream" and what is depicted as being a "successful citizen." He intends to pursue a career in zoology or wildlife rehabilitation.